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THE PENNSYLVANIA
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Twenty-Five Additional Hymns

USED IN
THE SIXTH EDITION
OF



✓
COMPILED BY THEO. B. NOSS.

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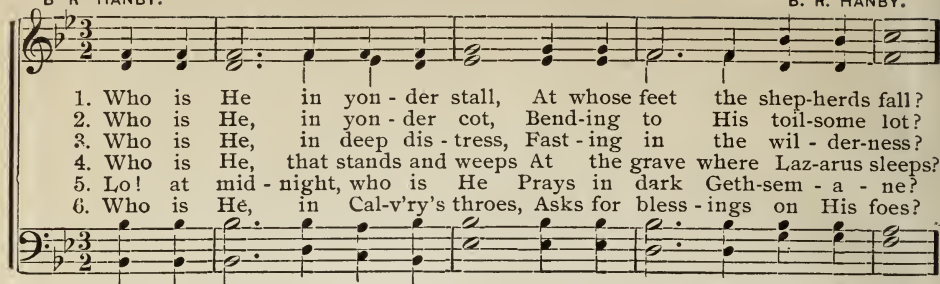
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No. 137.

Lowliness.

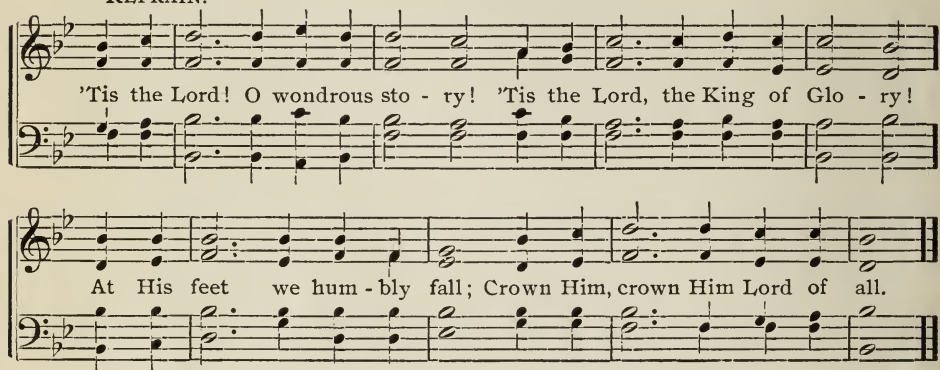
B R HANBY.

B. R. HANBY.



1. Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?
 2. Who is He, in yon - der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?
 3. Who is He, in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der-ness?
 4. Who is He, that stands and weeps At the grave where Laz-arus sleeps?
 5. Lo! at mid - night, who is He Prays in dark Geth-sem - a - ne?
 6. Who is He, in Cal-v'ry's throes, Asks for bless - ings on His foes?

REFRAIN.



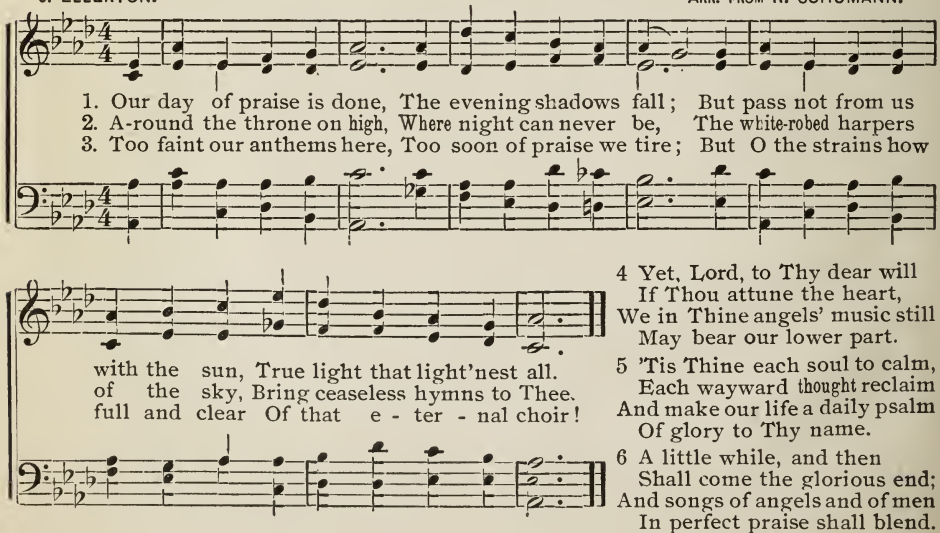
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry!
 At His feet we hum - bly fall; Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

No. 138,

Schumann. S. M.

J. ELLERTON.

ARR. FROM R. SCHUMANN.



1. Our day of praise is done, The evening shadows fall; But pass not from us
 2. A-round the throne on high, Where night can never be, The white-robed harpers
 3. Too faint our anthems here, Too soon of praise we tire; But O the strains how
 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou attune the heart, We in Thine angels' music still May bear our lower part.
 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim And make our life a daily psalm Of glory to Thy name.
 6 A little while, and then Shall come the glorious end; And songs of angels and of men In perfect praise shall blend.

J. CARTER.

J. CARTER.

1. Down from their home on high, Down thro' the star - ry sky, An - gels de -
 2. He from the grave is gone, Tread - ing the way a - lone; Death now is
 3. Sing we Thy praise for aye, Who washed our sins a - way; Un - to Thy

scend - ing fly, While the earth shak - eth; Roll they the stone a - way
 o - verthrown By His en - deav - or! Where is thy vic - to - ry,
 name al - way We shall be sing - ing: Far down the tracts of time,

From where the Sav - ior lay—Out in - to glorious day His way He tak - eth.
 O Grave? and where shall be, O Death, our fear of thee? Vanished for - ev - er!
 Shall ev - 'ry earth - ly clime Join in the song sublime, With praises ring - ing!

REFRAIN.

Loud hal - le - lu - jahs! Loud hal - le - lu - jahs! Our ris - en Sav - ior,

To Thee we sing; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 154.

Lord, From Thine Altars.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

I. V. FLAGLER.

1. Lord, from Thine al - tars on ev - 'ry mountain hoar - y; Dews are as -
2. An - cient of Days, The heav'ns and earth a - dore Thee; Giv - er of

lend - ing to praise Thee si - lent - ly. Wings of the morn - ing il -
life, the gift is all Thine own. Morn - ing by morn - ing our

lu - mined with Thy glo - ry, Spread thro' the East and bear our hearts to Thee.
days are wrought be - fore Thee; Take Thou this day and make it all Thine own.

Used by per.

No. 155.

Simpson.

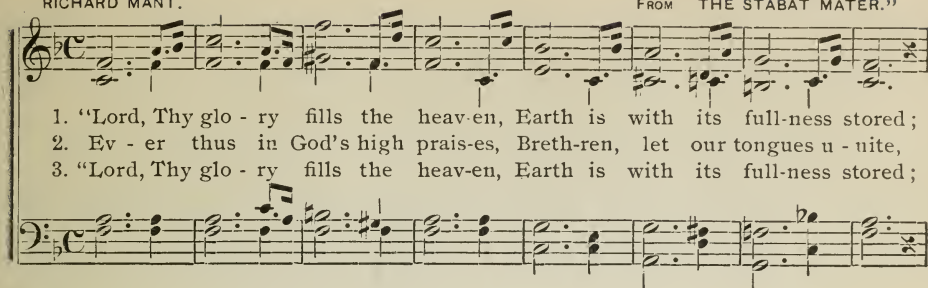
TATE AND BRADY.

DR. LOUIS SPOHR.

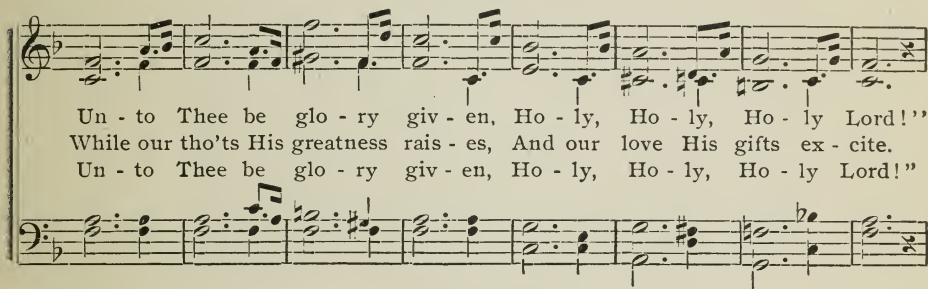
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase,
2. For Thee my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou maj - es - ty Di - vine?
The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal Spring.

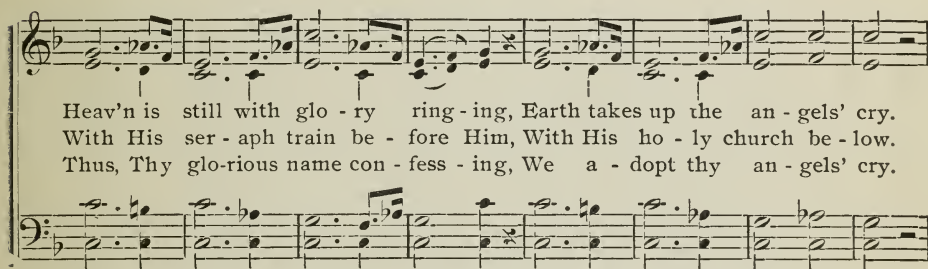
RICHARD MANT.

ROSSINI.
FROM "THE STABAT MATER."


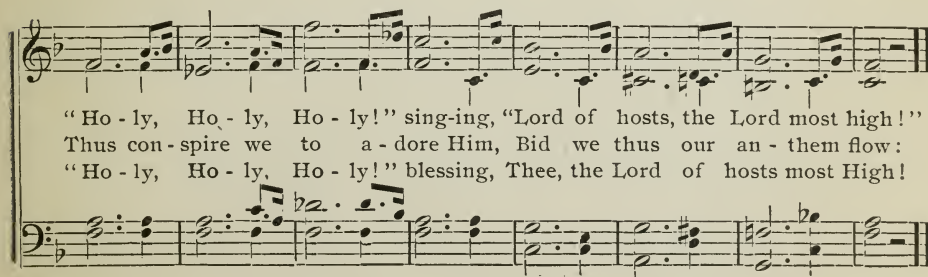
1. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its full-ness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais-es, Breth-ren, let our tongues u - nite,
3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its full-ness stored;



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"
While our tho'ts His greatness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite.
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"



Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry.
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low.
Thus, Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt thy an - gels' cry.



"Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!" sing-ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"
Thus con - spire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
"Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!" blessing, Thee, the Lord of hosts most High!

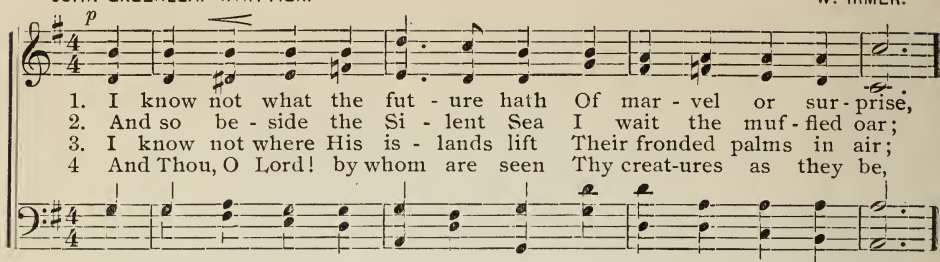
No. 157.

I Know Not What the Future Hath.

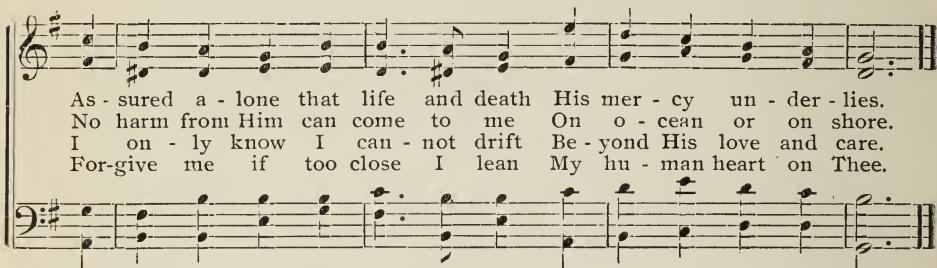
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

W. IRMER.

p



1. I know not what the fut - ure hath Of mar - vel or sur - prise,
 2. And so be - side the Si - lent Sea I wait the muf - fled oar;
 3. I know not where His is - lands lift Their fronded palms in air;
 4. And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen Thy creat - ures as they be,



As - sured a - lone that life and death His mer - cy un - der - lies.
 No harm from Him can come to me On o - cean or on shore.
 I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.
 For - give me if too close I lean My hu - man heart on Thee.

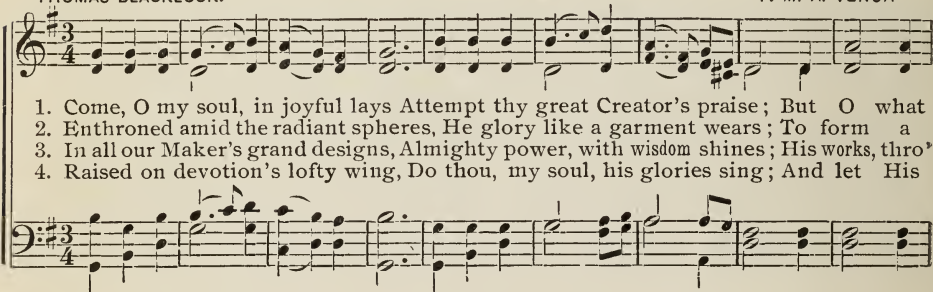
By per. of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

No. 158.

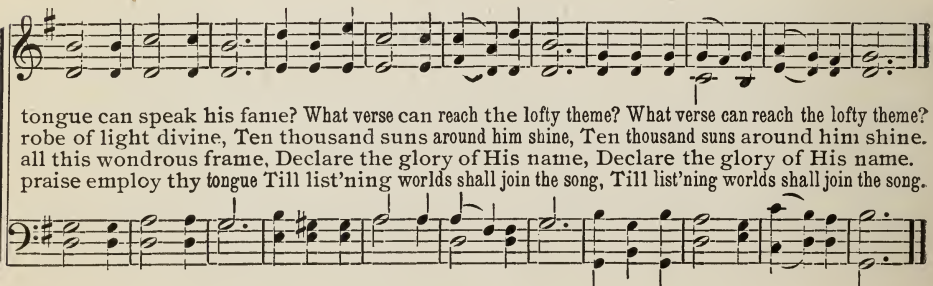
Park Street. L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

F. M. A. VENUA.



1. Come, O my soul, in joyful lays Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But O what
 2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a
 3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty power, with wisdom shines; His works, thro'
 4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing; And let His



tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme? What verse can reach the lofty theme?
 robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
 all this wondrous frame, Declare the glory of His name, Declare the glory of His name.
 praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song, Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

No. 159.

Lord of All Being.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FRANCIS LINLEY

cres.

1. Lord of all be - ing! throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames in sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,

Ken - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
 Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

By per. of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

No. 160.

St. Philip.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall
 2. Ho - ly Je - su, grant us tears, Fill us with heart -
 3. Lord, on us Thy spir - it pour, Kneel - ing low - ly
 4. Judge and Sav - iour of our race, Grant us, when we
 5. On Thy love we rest a - lone, And that love shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
 search - ing fears, Ere that day of doom ap - pears.
 at Thy door, Ere it close for ev - er - more.
 see Thy face, With Thy ran - somed ones a place.
 then be known, By the par - don'd round Thy throne.

No. 161.

Stainer. 8s, 4s, 7s. D.

BARON VON CANITZ.

JOHN STAINER.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking; Now is breaking O'er the earth another day;
 2. Pray that He may prosper ev-er Each endeavor, When the aim is good and true;
 3. Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth Ev-'ry fault that lurks within;
 4. Mayest thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass away in slum-ber sweet;
 5. On-ly God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not, But His Spirit's voice o-bey;

Come to Him who made this splendor; See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay.
 But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee, When thou evil wouldst pursue.
 He the hidden shame glossed over Can dis-cov-er And discern each deed of sin.
 And, released from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness, That far brighter Sun to greet.
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding Light en-folding All things in unclouded day.

No. 162.

Evening Hymn. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

THOMAS TALLIS.

1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
 2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;
 3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed;
 4. O may my soul on Thee re- pose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own al- might-y wings.
 That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 Teach me to die that so I may Rise glo-rious at Thy judgment day.
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I a- wake!

No. 163.

Vesper Hymn. 8s & 7s.

JAMES EDMESTON.

BARTNANSKY. ADAPTED BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Sav-iour! breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; }
 Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }

2. Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly, }
 An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh. }

Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can not hide from Thee;
 Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom.

No. 164.

Monsell. S. M.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

J. BARNBY.

1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat My soul, a - dor-ing,
 2. My need, and Thy de-sires, Are all in Christ complete; Thou hast the justice
 3. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There I de-light in

pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet.
 truth requires And I Thy mer - cy sweet.
 Thee to rest, And find Thy mer - cy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
 Lead Thou my weary feet,
 That while I stay on earth I may
 Still find Thy mercy-seat.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
 Hear all my songs repeat,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

No. 165.

Submission.

A. A. PROCTER.

A. L. PEACE.

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;
 2. For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; Lead me a - right;
 3. I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra - diance here;
 4. I do not ask my cross to un - der - stand, My way to see;
 5. Joy is like rest - less day; but peace di - vine Like qui - et night.

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.
 Tho' strength should fal - ter and tho' heart should bleed, Thro' peace to light.
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With - out a fear.
 Bet - ter in dark - ness just to feel Thy hand, And fol - low Thee.
 Lead me, O Lord, till per - fect day shall shine, Thro' peace to light.

No. 166.

Elton.

J. G. WHITTIER.

F. C. MAKER.

1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our fev'rish ways; Re-clothe us in our
 2. In simple trust like theirs who heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling
 3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove! Where Jesus knelt to
 4. Drop thy still dews of quietness Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
 5. Breathe thro' the heats of our desire Thy coolness and thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let

right-ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev' - rence, praise.
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 share with thee The si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pre - ted by love.
 strain and stress, And let our ordered lives con - fess The beau - ty of thy peace.
 flesh re - tire: Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

No. 167.

Mendelssohn. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the ever - last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
 3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the

mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-onciled! "Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Offspring of the virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth. Ris'n with healing in His wings,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in
 Hail th'incarnate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-
 Light and life to all He brings, Hail, the Son of Righteousness! Hail, the heav'n-born

Beth - le - hem.
 man - u - el! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."
 Prince of Peace!

No. 168.

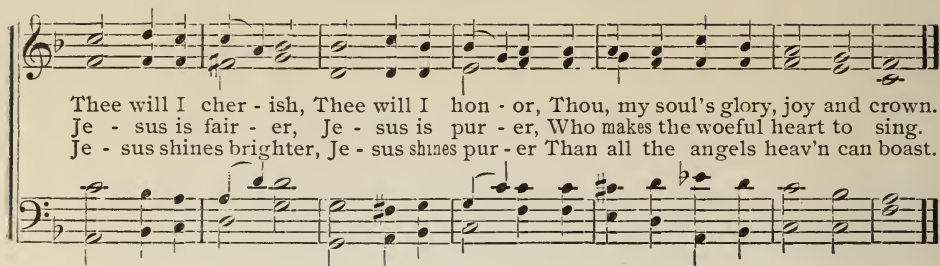
Crusaders' Hymn.

ANON. GERMAN. TR. R. S. WILLIS.

GERMAN. ARR. BY R. S. WILLIS.

1. Fairest Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all nat - ure, O Thou of God and man the Son,
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
 3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, starry host;

Crusaders' Hymn. Concluded.



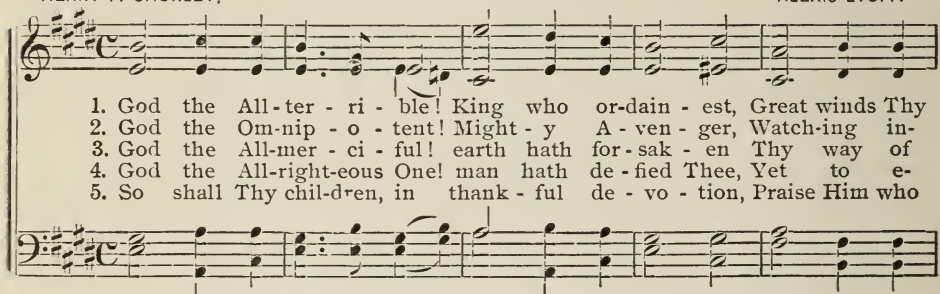
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

No. 169.

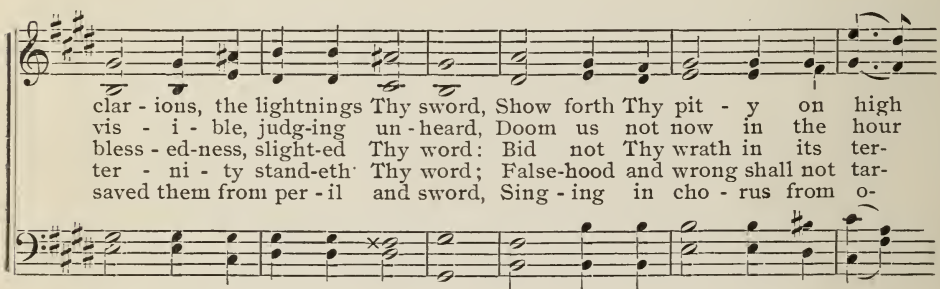
Russian Hymn. 118 & 108.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

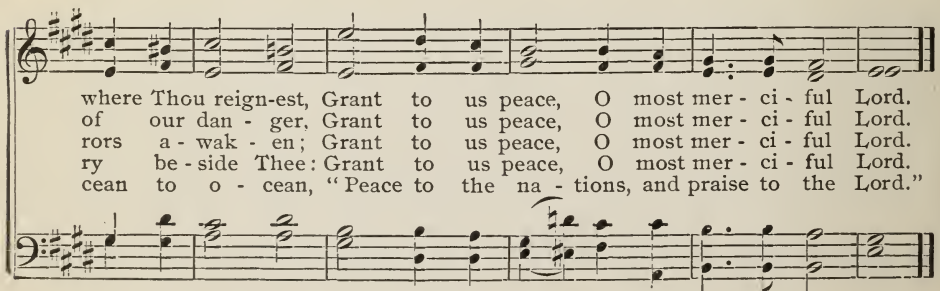
ALEXIS LVOFF.



1. God the All-ter - ri - ble! King who or-dain - est, Great winds Thy
 2. God the Om-nip - o - tent! Might - y A - ven - ger, Watch-ing in-
 3. God the All-mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy way of
 4. God the All-right-eous One! man hath de - fied Thee, Yet to e-
 5. So shall Thy chil-dren, in thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who



clar - ions, the lightnings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high
 vis - i - ble, judg-ing un - heard, Doom us not now in the hour
 bless - ed-ness, slight-ed Thy word: Bid not Thy wrath in its ter-
 ter - ni - ty stand-eth Thy word; False-hood and wrong shall not tar-
 saved them from per - il and sword, Sing - ing in cho - rus from o-



where Thou reign-est, Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 of our dan - ger, Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 rors a - wak - en; Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 ry be - side Thee: Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 cean to o - cean, "Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord."

No. 170.

St. Leonard. C. M. D.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HENRY HILES

1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark'ning sky; Upon the fragrance
 2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou de-spise, But let the in-cense
 3. Slow-ly the rays of daylight fade; So fade within the heart The hopes in earth-ly
 4. Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—Upon our souls descend; From midnight fears and

of the flow'rs The dews of even-ing lie: Before Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We
 of our pray'rs Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise. The brightness of the coming night Up-love
 and joy That one by one de-part. Slowly the bright stars, one by one, With-
 per-ils, Thou Our trembling hearts defend. Give us a respite from our toil, Calm

Slower.

kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.
 on the darkness rolls, With hopes of future glory, chase The shadows from our souls.
 in the heavens shine; Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine.
 and subdue our woes; Thro' the long day we suffer, Lord, O give us now re-pose.

No. 171.

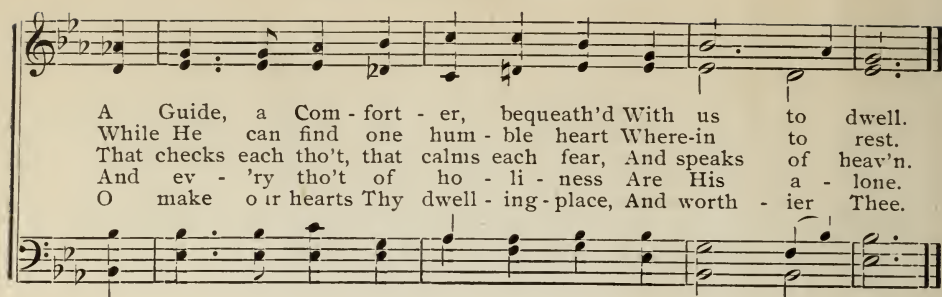
St. Cuthbert.

HARRIET AUBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
 2. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,
 3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
 4. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,
 5. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weakness, pity-ing, see;

St. Cuthbert. Concluded.



A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd With us to dwell.
While He can find one hum - ble heart Where-in to rest.
That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness Are His a - lone.
O make o ur hearts Thy dwell - ing - place, And worth - ier Thee.

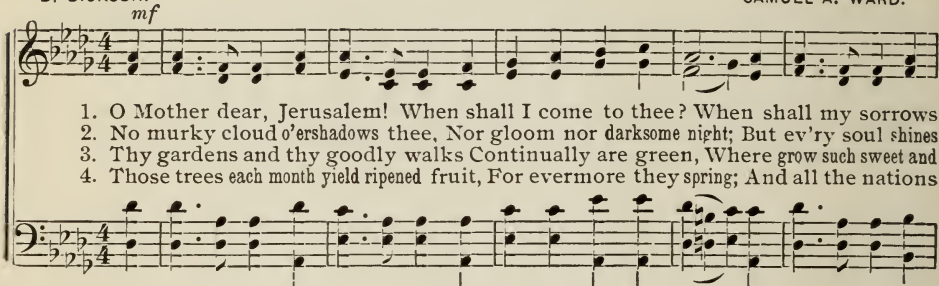
No. 172.

Materna. C. M. D.

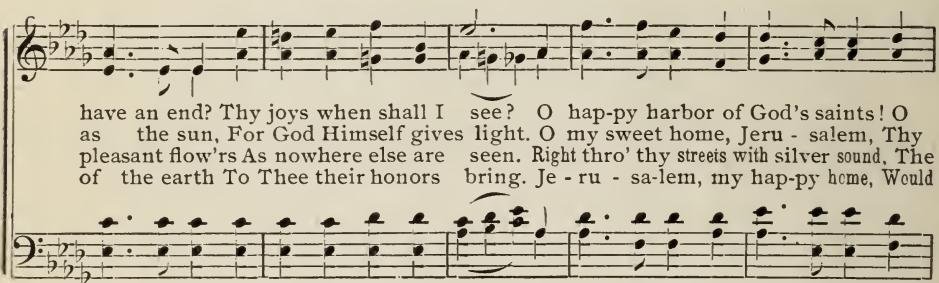
D. DICKSON.

SAMUEL A. WARD.

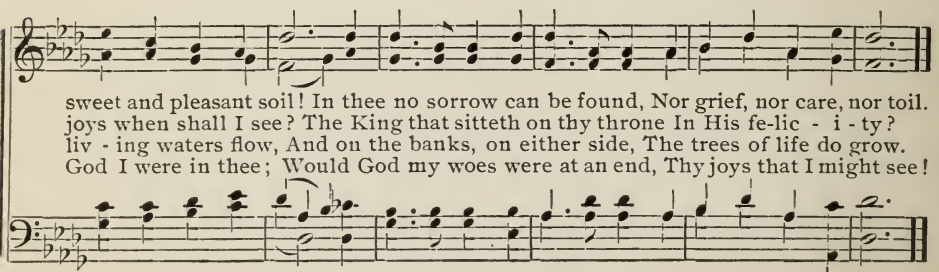
mf



1. O Mother dear, Jerusalem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows
2. No murky cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom nor darkness night; But ev'ry soul shines
3. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks Continually are green, Where grow such sweet and
4. Those trees each month yield ripened fruit, For evermore they spring; And all the nations



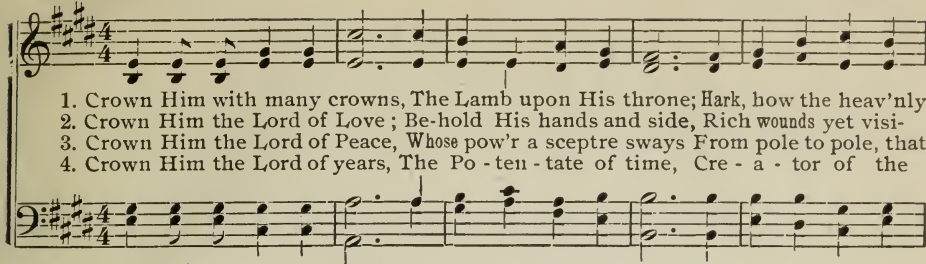
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py harbor of God's saints! O
as the sun, For God Himself gives light. O my sweet home, Jeru - salem, Thy
pleasant flow'rs As nowhere else are seen. Right thro' thy streets with silver sound, The
of the earth To Thee their honors bring. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would



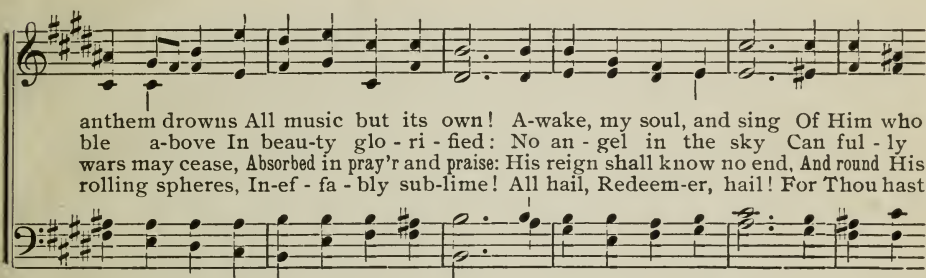
sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
joys when shall I see? The King that sitteth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?
liv - ing waters flow, And on the banks, on either side, The trees of life do grow.
God I were in thee; Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

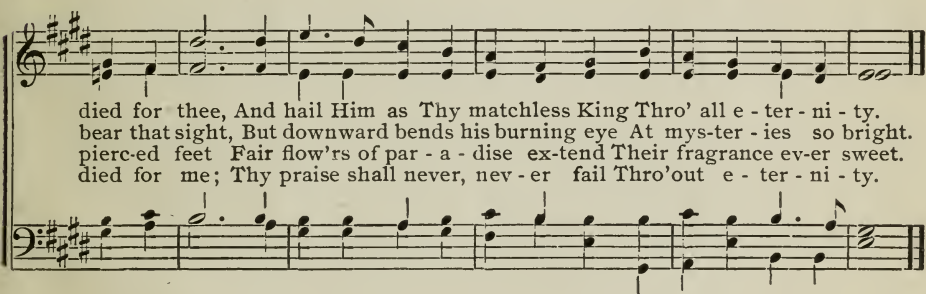
GEORGE J. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark, how the heav'nly
 2. Crown Him the Lord of Love; Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet visi-
 3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace, Whose pow'r a sceptre sways From pole to pole, that
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre-a-tor of the



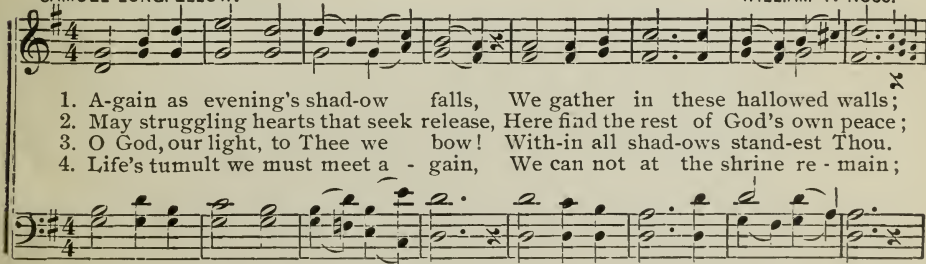
anthem drowns All music but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who
 ble a-bove In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly
 wars may cease, Absorbed in pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His
 rolling spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime! All hail, Redeem-er, hail! For Thou hast



died for thee, And hail Him as Thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.
 pierc-ed feet Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.
 died for me; Thy praise shall never, nev-er fail Thro'out e-ter-ni-ty.

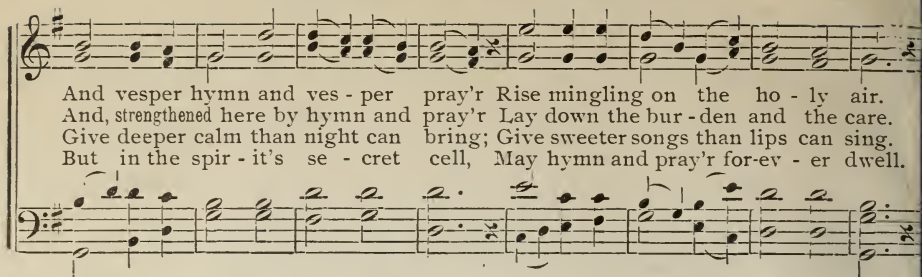
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

WILLIAM T. NOSS.



1. A-gain as evening's shad-ow falls, We gather in these hallowed walls;
 2. May struggling hearts that seek release, Here find the rest of God's own peace;
 3. O God, our light, to Thee we bow! With-in all shad-ows stand-est Thou.
 4. Life's tumult we must meet a - gain, We can not at the shrine re - main;

Intercession. L. M. Concluded.



And vesper hymn and ves - per pray'r Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
 And, strengthened here by hymn and pray'r Lay down the bur - den and the care.
 Give deeper calm than night can bring; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
 But in the spir - it's se - cret cell, May hymn and pray'r for-ev - er dwell.

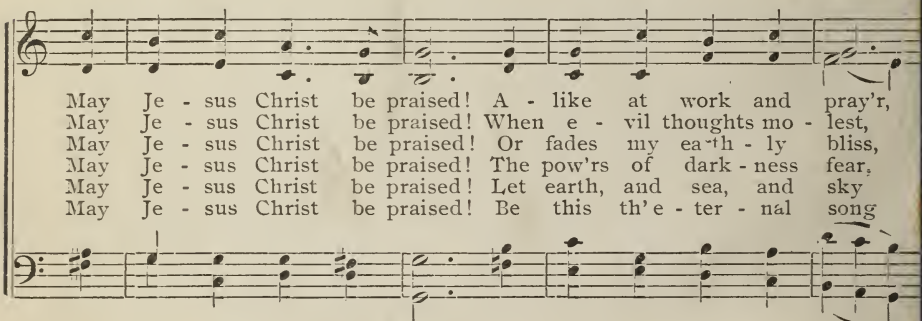
No. 175. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

GERMAN. TR. E. CASWALL.

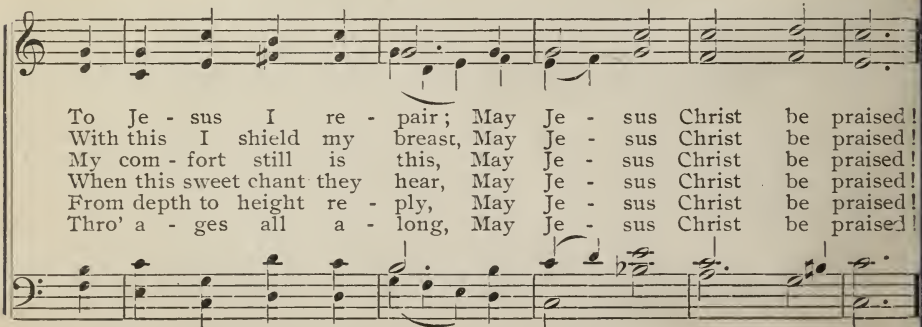
J. BARNBY.



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find,
 4. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
 5. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The lov - liest strain is this,
 6. Be this while life is 'mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my ea - th - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 From depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 Thro' a - ges all a - long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!